

Buffy & Angel Graduation Scene revisited

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Summary: Doing the final Buffy & Angel scene the way it should have been done...

Buffy & Angel Graduation Scene revisited

Graduation Scene Disclaimer & Explanation: All characters contained in this story are the creation of Joss Whedon and property of Joss, Mutant Enemy, Fox and a million other companies. So there.

Ok, don't get me wrong while reading this, I'm a Buffy & Angel shipper till the bitter end, but I really don't have a problem with them going separate ways for a time. It would probably be good for them. And the "not saying good bye" thing wasn't bad really. It did leave us with some hope I suppose. But the more I thought about it, the more I decided it wasn't enough. So, now I'm going to do what others have referred to as, "Fixing what Joss messed up". Here is the final Buffy & Angel scene from Graduation Day 2â€| The way it should have been done.

He breath caught in her throat when she saw him. The smoke whirled around him and she almost smiled. Even after the battle of the century, he was still all she wanted. She watched him a moment, then closed her eyes, not wanting to see him walk away. Unsure of if her heart could deal with the sight. He said he wasn't going to say good bye, and she thought that would be good enough, but it wasn't. She didn't want to watch him walk away. It just hurt too damn much.

"You said you weren't going to say good bye," she whispered when she felt him draw close, her heart daring to hope he wasn't leaving after all. That they would find a way to make it work.

"I'm not," he told her softly, reaching out to touch the side of her face with the backs of his fingers. He had thought he could go without seeing her one last time. Without telling herâ€| He had been wrong.

Opening her eyes slowly, she looked up, her heart coming alive with the hope that he really was staying. If he wasn't saying good bye, then what was he doing? 'Oh God,' she thought, 'Please, please either make him go or stay. I can't keep doing this.'

"Then what are you doing?" she asked, trying to keep the hope out of her voice. Trying to just stay neutral, or at least make him think she was. It wouldn't help if he knew how much she wanted him to stay. It would just make any choice he had that much harder. She couldn't do that to him. He would never do that to her.

He smiled softly, looking down at her, into her eyes, soaking in that image. Burning this scene into his mind.

"I'm not saying good bye, " he said again, "I'm telling you I'll be back for you. I'm coming back for you." His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper as he asked the question he needed an answer to. "Will you be here when I get back?"

For a moment she thought that would break her. He was still leaving her. He was still leaving Sunnydale. Her heart nearly stopped. But then the meaning of his words slowly trickled into her addled mind and she smiled up at him, the tears threatening to spill.

"I'll be here," she said softly, "But only if you promise me you're coming back. That you're coming back for me."

He dipped his head down and pressed his lips first against her forehead, then against the tip of her nose.

"Always for you," he murmured against her lips just before he kissed her.

She leaned into him, feeling him, letting the kiss take her to places she could only imagine. Tears spilled down her cheeks, and she didn't try to stop them, even when she tasted the salt in the kiss. 'He promised,' she told herself, 'he promised he would come back for you.' And you just don't break a promise.

The protest that was on her tongue as he pulled away died when he looked at her. Placing his palms on either side of her face, resting on her cheeks, he looked at her intently. Looked into her heart and into her soul.

"But I want you to live. Not just be alive, but live. While I'm gone, you need to live life. Promise me you'll do that. I need to know you'll do that."

The tears threatened to come down harder and she tried to fight them off but couldn't. She knew exactly what he meant, and she wasn't sure she could do that. But she would try. For him, she'd try.

"I'll try," she replied, her voice rough with unshed tears and pain. "I'll try, but I can't promise anything. All I can promise is that I'll be here when you return."

He smiled faintly, letting her words sink into his heart. She would be here for him. She would be here when he got back. But he couldn't make good on his promise if he never left. It was time. Time to go

before he didn't have the will to do so.

Placing a soft kiss on each eye lid, he tried to stay the tears. When it doesn't stop them, he kisses her mouth ever so gently, tasting the salt from her tears, locking away all the words and memories in his heart as he does so. He would be needing those later.

Pulling away, he looks at her again, memorizing every battle worn feature.

"You'd better be," he whispered.

She smiled as he stepped back and melted away into the smoke and shadows.

And this time she didn't close her eyes.

End
file.